

Please, Could You Be So Tender?

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/32056216) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/32056216>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Minecraft (Video Game) , Video Blogging RPF
Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Established Relationship , Hurt/Comfort , Explicit Sexual Content , Intimacy , Fluff and Smut , Porn With Plot , Porn with Feelings , Masturbation , Implied/Referenced Sexual Assault , please read the beginning note this one is a doozy
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2021-06-20 Words: 11884

Please, Could You Be So Tender?

by [lilchip](#)

Summary

It's hard for George to be like this: open, honest, true. The eve of his birthday and bad memories makes it even more so.

But seeing Dream for the first time tells him: it's ok, it will be ok.

--

or, George gives intimacy another try

Notes

!! please note the trigger warnings before reading !!

tw/cw: implied sexual assault, trauma response, a safeword is used in this
this work is extremely personal to me, there is no obligation to read it, please curate the
content you consume and keep yourself safe.

obligatory don't share this with CC's and I will delete it if any of them ever expresses
discomfort with fiction like this.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“You must realize that something is happening to you, that life has not forgotten you, that it holds you in its hands and will not let you fall.”

- Rainer Maria Rilke

It's November 1st.

It's George's birthday, more specifically, and his head is hung over porcelain.

His tongue tastes of acid, tears sting his eyes, and he convulses.

This is how it goes.

This is how it has gone ever since that one birthday two years ago.

And it's pathetic, really, he thinks to himself, trying to catch his breath between chapped lips. It's pathetic that today is his birthday and he can't even keep a slice of cake down.

He tries to tell himself its progress, at least. Before now, he couldn't even think about eating on this day without wanting to gag.

It's just another thing though, on his list of *things*, things he's now robbed of. His cheeks burn with shame, knowing the damn carrot cake got the best of him.

But it's not really just the food is it? It's all of it.

Things, things, things.

His hands are trembling when he flushes and stands. It takes him a moment to ground himself, with how the world spins in smears of shapes on uneven ground.

“Fucking hell...” George mutters under his breath once the walls of his bathroom come back into focus. He grabs his phone off the counter as he's leaving.

It's three steps exactly to get to his bed, and he collapses into the comforter with a heavy sigh.

He'd left his phone on 'do not disturb', so there's a wall of texts from friends and family. He lets his mind drift away into a dull ache as he skims through the receipts. There's nothing much beyond birthday wishes and occasional messages about scheduling plans.

TikTok is his go to, his notifications remain unread there as he checks how his most recent video is doing.

His own voice filters through the speaker when he clicks on it. It's too loud, so he turns it down to keep his ears from ringing.

He's trying the cake on camera, blowing out his candles, obviously alone. The heavy slope of his shoulders and the clench of his jaw is obvious to him as he watches himself react to the first bite. He's a bit too upbeat and cheery as he makes some joke about being old. He hopes the act isn't too obvious to everyone else, but he's always been good at putting on a bit of a show.

The comments are positive, and he's sure the clip has already circled through Twitter. "Happy Birthday George!" had started trending the night before.

He went to bed early to avoid it.

Now, still, he evades Twitter and reassures himself no one can spot his bad mood in his TikTok so he can keep scrolling in peace. Relative peace, anyways. His ears are still ringing, he still tastes bile, and he thinks it's been 11:07 am for way too long.

Restlessly, he rubs his legs together against the sheets and curls them up close to his chest as colors and people meld together on his screen in a blur. It's mindless, it's vague, and not nearly distracting enough.

The bed is too hard under him, his legs and arms are too bare. With voices in his head, a bright screen in his eyes, and the cage of sheets around him, he forgets he's in his apartment.

It's easy to do this, on this day, in a bed.

When he starts seeing flashes of skin behind each blink of his eyes, he feels his stomach roil again. For a moment, he is shivering and frozen atop his comforter, sweat slicks the back of his neck and his heart pounds.

Stop it. Stop it. Stop it.

Taking in greedy gulps of air, George forces himself out of bed and away from the prison of pillows and blankets and too many bad memories.

He takes himself to the kitchen and drops his phone against the counter as he scrambles for a glass. With trembling fingers, he fills it in the sink and downs the whole thing in one go. Cold water dribbles down from the corners of his mouth as he fills the glass again, hips pressed tight to the counter as he sips some more.

His throat is still dry.

George imagines what he must look like now: skin too pale, hair a mess, and an old t-shirt slicked to his skin in a cold sweat. He tries to remember what birthdays were like before, finds it hard to imagine a time where he wasn't sick with thoughts and feelings on a day where he should be happy and full of life. He thinks maybe, before, he would have friends over.

Sometimes, he thinks, his life is only measured in *before* and *after*.

His palm tracks down his face and freezes over his eyes as he breathes out a shaky exhale.

The sound of his phone buzzing against the counter is what snaps him back to reality.

His hand drops from his face as he stares at the caller ID, already knowing who it is. After all, there is only one person he has set to go through his 'do not disturb'.

It feels wrong to talk to his boyfriend in this state, a faceless person looming over his shoulder leans in close and whispers words of shame and vitriol.

But he could never deny himself of his voice.

George clears his throat and picks up just before it goes to voicemail.

"Hello." His voice is still rough and he tries not to cringe at it.

“Happy birthday!” Dream’s voice calls back to him.

Despite the words, Dream’s voice eases into the planes of George’s shoulder blades and un-weaves the tension there. He lets himself relax slightly against the sink and holds his hand close to his stomach in a fist.

“Thank you.” George smothers the shreds of melancholy in his tone. “I hope you’re not calling just to be sappy though. Where’s my gift?”

Thankfully, Dream laughs easy at the carefully crafted tease of his words.

“You’re an idiot, we already got you your gift.” He speaks fondly and George’s chest swells despite his tense brow. “Can I not just call to hear your voice?”

George’s lips are sealed tight, his phone feels heavy with the weight of his gift nestled in digital space.

Together, several nights ago, they had bought him plane tickets to Orlando. Dream was insistent on George coming for his birthday, so they could celebrate together. He had to tiptoe around reasons why he couldn’t come then, finally convincing Dream to buy the tickets for the week after.

Plans, he had said. *That week doesn’t work for me*, he insisted. *Please, I can’t let you see me like this*, he thought.

Because it isn’t just the one day, it’s the whole thing. It’s the start of it, the end of it, the times at night where he wakes up from his nightmares and pours over every choice he made. The choices that led him to lonely celebrations and cold beds.

He could have had Dream, could have had friends over.

George could never bare the thought of it.

“You can, always.” He breathes because it’s true. “You just caught me at a weird time.”

He hears Dream’s smile when he says, “Sorry, I know you’re probably busy celebrating.”

George’s skin prickles, “Yeah.” He lies because he has to. “Lots of fun things happening...”

His voice tapers off quietly at the end because, truly, he’s never been a good liar. And he knows Dream knows this because the line goes quiet after the words leave him.

“You went all quiet there.” Dream points out, not to accuse, but simply because his heart is sincere. “Are you ok?” He says, because George knows he cares too much.

His mind rattles. Blood pounds in his ears.

“Yeah.” George’s voice cracks, he clears his throat again. “Yeah... yeah I’m okay.”

He doesn’t want this time stolen from him. He doesn’t want to rob himself of Dream’s warm and willing presence. He doesn’t want to let this thing take more from him.

But he does. *Because he is weak*, the faceless person over his shoulder tells him.

“I should probably go.” George says quickly, trying to force his voice into blue sky and sunshine. “I just... have to get ready for lunch with my parents.”

Not a complete lie. Though, the lunch isn't until the day after tomorrow. (When, hopefully, his stomach isn't tumbling its contents like a food processor.)

"Okay." Dream says after a beat. "Will you be around later?"

Later, he thinks numbly. There only seems to be *now*, and he's pretty sure it's still 11:07 am.

"Yeah." George says anyways. "Yeah, we should play GeoGuessr or something."

That seems to pick Dream up, the smile returning to his voice again. "Oh! Okay, yeah, let's do that."

"Yeah." George smiles also.

"Yeaaaah." Dream draws out, tapering off into laughter.

They laugh together, and George thinks perhaps it's now 11:08 am.

"I'll call you later." George's voice is gentle in a way he doesn't have to force, and his face kind of hurts now in the best way.

"Okay." Dream sighs all honey-like and soft. "I love you."

"I love you too." George says easily, like he means it. Because he does.

They exchange goodbyes and George sets his phone face up on the marble countertop. His chest feels light, and his head is full. Full of Dream and his laugh, his voice, the things that make everything easy.

The things that make him feel loved.

On his phone, the time reads 11:37 am. Later, at 10:09 pm, he curls up on his couch to fall asleep in front of a movie.

He knows sleep won't come easy. He'll have to drag it out until his eyelids are too heavy and things are too numb. So, he sits in front of the film he knows nothing about (and frankly isn't paying any attention to) and tries to think happy things.

He'd changed into sweatpants, a hoodie, and big fuzzy socks. These things make him happy, make him feel safe. They wrap him up and hide him in swaths of fabric that keep him protected. Albeit, a bit too warm sometimes. But George doesn't care as he adds a weighted blanket to the mix and brings it up to his chin.

It's here, where he feels safest, that his mind wanders to the questions and concerns that needle him beyond this day and these feelings.

George worries about Dream.

Not in a way he should, and he knows. God, does he know so deeply he should not be worried. But George has been coming up with a lot of "should's" lately and he can't stop himself from going to the places he fears.

And it's the intimacy he is frightened of. The idea that beyond this week, this anniversary of a terrible day, he will meet Dream and freeze all over again as soon as he reaches for him. He is concerned that, when Dream inevitably brings him to his bed, he won't be with the person he loves. George worries that, instead, he'll be caged in arms and hurting at the slightest touch of a

face he can't see.

It isn't new, his fear. When Dream had first confessed his feelings, all flushed and boyish with his nervous laughter, George had been scared of late night calls or too many photos of too much skin. But, throughout their distance, it had never gone anywhere beyond the love they shared through gentle words and the time they spent on day-long calls. Sure, sometimes they would make the occasional raunchy joke here and there, but it never went past that.

He is thankful for it, but it leaves too much up in his head, and too many questions about when. When is the right time? When does he tell him? When do they have *that* conversation?

George doesn't know, so he continues to worry about Dream and his touches when they meet. Because even if it's never been initiated over their discord calls, George knows Dream isn't averse to sex.

His eyes squeeze shut, the light of the TV filtering through and burning them. So, he buries his nose into his blanket and feels the tickle of his eyelashes on his cheeks.

Dream wouldn't hurt him, he knows, he would never do anything if George didn't want to.

He knows this. He knows and believes it with everything he has.

Yet, a faceless voice tells him *no*. It taunts him, tells George he couldn't stop it before, why would it be different now? *It will all be the same*, it says. Pain, and people *taking and taking and taking*.

He turns up the volume on the TV until the movie fills his ears with noise and detaches him from reality. In blurs of bright colors and the static of the actors voices, his mind sways between consciousness. The sounds sink into him, saying things he doesn't understand, his muscles relax.

One last time, he thinks of Dream.

His eyes, his smile, all the love he carries and gives.

George wants to believe Dream will respond with care, he always has. With a heart as full as his, George knows it to be true.

When they meet, George will be ok.

He will.

He has to be.

His mind is numb when he finally drifts off to sleep.

—

The next morning, George wakes up with a migraine.

The next night, it eases away with Dream's kind words over a GeoGuessr stream and they laugh together as if nothing is wrong.

He goes to lunch the next day with his parents, and he is able to keep the food down.

George thinks of laying in Dream's embrace the night before he leaves, hoping the week of old wounds is left behind him with their bad memories.

George had hoped a bit too much.

That's not to say it was all for not, when he finally spotted a head of dirty blonde hair peeking over the crowd of people at baggage claim, George had been quick to fold himself into Dream's arms.

It was easy to do that.

It was easy when they finally said their first hello's face to face. It was easy when Dream insisted on grabbing his bags.

It was easy to kiss him because he tasted like warmth and love.

They held hands and when Dream caressed his knuckles with his thumb, George thought he could melt. They made dinner together and ate between lovesick giggles and a bit too much staring. Late that first night, when George's head started lolling with weighted exhaustion, Dream brought him to bed and held him close.

All of it was warm, and safe, and kind.

But here, on his second night, when jet lag and Dream's kisses keep him up, his hope runs out.

It's all hot mouths and wandering hands. It's desire and hunger that begins to melt into unsteady movements as Dream gently lowers George onto his back. The bed is cold and hard beneath him where once it had been soft and full of heat when George whispered "yes" and "please" into Dream's lips.

He must have noticed George's sudden freeze. Dream pulls back slightly with baited breath.

"Color?" Dream asks, presses another soft kiss to the corner of his mouth.

George is all too aware of the arms caging either side of him, his breath picks up, his heart pounds in his head, he's grown soft and scared.

He stares up at Dream as he pulls away again. His eyes track the contours of his face and count the freckles against flushed skin.

It grounds him enough. Enough to answer: "Green."

Dream's expression flickers with uncertainty, probably because of his hesitation and wavering voice.

"Are you sure?" He asks quietly, too quiet for the roar of George's heart still banging against the cage of his throat.

But Dream is doing everything right. He brought them into uncharted waters with a gentle grace, with soft questions and meaning spoken behind "can I kiss you?" And "can I make love to you?"

So *why*? George's mind screams. Why would he let this beautiful thing be robbed of him? How can he deny the love he feels, and wants to give, to the boy who shines like the sun and tastes like the sky?

"Yes, I'm sure." It's a lie, and he knows it.

He knows it with how fear sinks its claws into his chest and freezes his lungs as Dream's hands move to his belt.

George is panting hard, his head is spinning and his palms are sweating as he grips the sheets. He thinks, perhaps, he seems eager. But everything in him rattles and shakes like a leaf in too-strong-winds.

It's when Dream's face blurs into obscurity, and the button on the front of his jeans comes undone, that he snaps.

"No!" His voice pitches, wavers on a cry, his hands shoot out to grab Dream's fingers and wrench them away. "Red, red, red!"

Dream detaches immediately, stunned to silence as he stands witness to George's undoing.

And it's exactly what he didn't want. It's why he said no to his birthday, why he said no to his family, his friends. In the precipice of this thing he had kept hidden, the thing that has haunted him for two long years, Dream sees it plainly in the tears that track his cheeks and the trembling of his entire body as he curls into himself protectively.

Shame burns his cheeks, it eats him alive and burrows into his head as his skin crawls.

"George..." Dream's voice is unbearably soft, dripping with concern. He's sitting back on his heels atop the bed, at least a foot of distance put between them now.

George tries to open his mouth to speak, to say anything, to give *something*. Instead, a broken sound escapes the back of his throat and his stomach suddenly lurches.

The in between of the bedroom, the hallway, and the bathroom is a blur to him until he's heaving over the toilet bowl and his head is back in November 1st. His throat burns with acid and tears and his gut is still turning with too many things for him to leave any time soon.

Despite it all, he blames himself. If he had just told Dream, if he had just been honest, *if he had just said no two years ago*.

George flinches away when fingertips brush through his hair and a presence crouches at his side.

Dream doesn't move closer to him, and if he's hurt by George's retreat, he doesn't show it. He's painted in shades of concern, confusion, and patience as he silently offers George a glass of water.

George is sure he is a mess of puffy red eyes, a running nose, and lips slicked in spit and god knows what else.

The bathroom is filled with these broken things; the sounds of his heavy breath, the ghost that looms over him, and the unspoken between the two of them. So, he quietly takes the glass of water and downs it.

Tears fall from his eyelashes again when he's halfway done. He hiccups through a sob as he hands it back to Dream, who places it on the countertop and turns back to his side.

They sit like that, a gap of space between them, in front of the toilet, in the middle of the tiles at 1:34 am, and George thinks time will not start again until Dream has left him.

But he doesn't leave.

Dream sits, and waits, and lets George *feel* until he whispers a shaky: "I'm sorry..."

"Sorry for what?" Dream whispers back, his hand moves in George's peripheral, but stops before he can reach for him.

George is thankful for it, his skin is still tingling with pins and needles. He doesn't want to scare Dream anymore than he has if he throws up just from a hand on his back.

"I..." George searches for his words. He can't meet Dream's eyes, but he feels them on his temple. "I'm just sorry... I didn't... I thought-"

His head hangs low between his arms and he squeezes leftover tears from his eyes.

"Don't apologize." Dream says, careful and easy. "I didn't know that... I didn't know, I hope I wasn't..." his words leave him then, weaving into uncertainty.

George knows what he means.

"No, you did everything right." He rubs his eyes, sucks in cold air and lets his chest sting and swell with it.

This is how it is, he thinks, to love when he's been so broken. It's starting this, all of it. Telling him the truth because he deserves to know, and George has let it fester in his head for too long.

But he is tired, and his skin still burns with hands that he thinks will be forever seared into the wounds of his life. Constantly taking, always taking these things from him.

"Can I..." George works the words over his tongue, "Can I be alone?"

If Dream is pained, he doesn't say it, only nods and tells him he's right here if he needs anything. George thanks him, and they part ways in the hall that leads to the guest room.

Exhausted, and full of too much yet not enough, George falls asleep on top of the sheets in his old clothes at 1:58 am.

—

The faceless person is in his dreams, George is jostled by the force of them.

His body aches.

—

When he wakes up in the early morning, he doesn't feel hollow, or sad, or scared.

Instead, a fire burns, it lights his veins aflame with venom.

Why won't they leave him alone? Why can't they bother someone else's sleep?

The house is too small to contain it, his body coiled too tight to fight it. His head is full of *why's* and *how's* and too much anger as he harshly forces himself out of bed.

Because here, in Orlando, as he storms outside and stands on the back porch to breathe in humid air, he should be in bed with his boyfriend.

But because of it all, he is sick with fury, sick from grief, he's sick of all the moments that should be *his* and instead have been replaced with these... these fits of phantom pain.

It's here, listening to crickets and the sounds of the world still turning around him that George *mourns*.

He sits on the splintered porch steps and mourns those moments of happiness that have been taken from him. He grieves the easy love of birthdays, Dream, and this time he could have had if everything wasn't so much, if it didn't consume him.

Haven't they taken enough from him?

He is mad at them, mad at himself, he wishes these feelings gone.

He wishes he had said no.

The glass behind him slowly slides open. George doesn't turn to look at Dream as he hesitates by the door, eyes on George's back. Eventually though, he steps towards the stairs with light feet and settles at his side under the stars.

Further in the yard, the pool glows blue and casts them in shades of turquoise. George tries to focus on the feeling of solid ground beneath him, the wind running its hands through his hair, and the warmth of his boyfriend sitting at his side.

"Are you okay?" Dream asks, and George knows he doesn't mean just in this moment.

And George is still tired, but he wants to feel weightless.

"Do..." he picks at his nails. "Do you remember my birthday two years ago?"

Dream tilts his head, George knows he's recollecting the spontaneous trip he had announced the week before, all that time ago.

"Yeah." He says. George can tell he is trying to keep his voice from turning green. "You were seeing someone."

George nods, then tells him.

This, he thinks, is healing. In all of the hardships of it. In Dream listening, understanding, letting the silence be filled with George and his words and his open honesty.

It's raw, it hurts. George thinks when Dream looks at him with a pained sort of sadness he may rip apart at the seams.

It's 6:32 am, before the sun has risen, when George tells him he understands if it is too much.

"George." Is Dream's first word after he finishes. "Look at me, can I hold your hands?"

It's a long moment before George can meet his gaze, earnest and open. George reaches to lace their hands together and his eyes plead for a tender heart.

Dream gives it to him, squeezes it between their palms.

"I'm not leaving." He says, quiet as the birdsong that floats through the air of the coming morning.

"I want you to know, I will never stop loving you." Dream's voice is as broken as George feels. "And you will never owe me anything for my love."

He doesn't say he is sorry for what happened, he doesn't give him pity. Dream sits here, with George, and holds him with all these dark and gnarled things because he *knows*.

He sits with patience and understanding because he knows it is not about sorry and regret. It's about carrying him in all he has to give, the good, the bad and the ugly, to continue on and make this new *after* something optimistic and beautiful.

This is why George lets him bring him into a tight embrace. It's why they cry together on the porch at 6:46 am. It's why Dream promises to only give when he asks, when he is sure he is ready.

George looks at him over the breakfast table with eyes that say: is this ok? Is it ok to love so scared, so soft?

Dream reassures him through it. Tells him it is ok because life is messy, and loud, and sometimes outside of sense.

But here, over half burnt pancakes and too much syrup, life feels sweet and right for maybe the first time in a long time.

"And I mean it." Dream says between a mouthful of food. "We literally never have to have sex, ever. Whatever you want."

George snorts, and it's easy for him to think about it. "Okay, Dream."

They fall asleep together in the early afternoon, tangled in sheets and limbs that feel like a home.

—

They go on their first real date on the fifth day. Dream spent a whole afternoon researching the best sushi places in Orlando. George tried to tell him they could go anywhere else, worried Dream wouldn't like it, but he insisted on trying it nonetheless.

"It's something you like and I want to indulge you." Dream had said with an easy smile.

Together they eat dinner, and late that night they watch a movie beneath a big blanket.

They kiss and hold each other close.

George doesn't feel pain.

The first week in, they use the pool for the first time.

George doesn't shy away from the reflection of his bare skin in the mirror when he changes into his swimsuit. And he relishes in Dream's barely disguised ogling when he meets him outside.

When he knows he isn't looking, George drags his gaze across the lean musculature of Dream's back.

He feels hot, and not because of the sun.

George only ever touches himself during warm showers. It's when his body is aching too much for something and his mind is too tired to resist.

He remembers the first year, he thought too much about undressing and being bare. It threatened to send him spiraling. Masturbation was nowhere in the equation for the longest time.

And even now, when he can feel himself and give into it without triggering those bad thoughts, it is still just a chore for him.

Something to help him sleep, something that will force him to relax.

But here, in the house that has become a home, in a place that feels safe. George *needs*.

His hips buck into a fist, water drums down his back and over his ears in swaths of steam that leave his skin red and aching. The water doesn't make good lubrication, but his grip is light enough and pre-cum follows his palm on each downward stroke, so it works enough.

It's when his knuckle brushes against a sensitive point that his body shudders in pleasure. *And he moans.*

George stills instantly, despite the twitching restlessness he feels from head to toe.

He's... surprised.

It's a strange feeling in his head, to be heady with lust, to realize he *feels* and wants *more*.

Not just because he wants to get it over with, but because it feels good. It fills him up and asks for more because in this ground shattering moment, he trusts himself and his body.

Everything is spinning with warmth and he is desperate.

Water drips from his parted lips as he exhales a trembling breath, his answer to himself and his

desires. Experimentally, he drags the pad of his thumb across that same spot, right under the head.

George whimpers, laying his forearm across the tiled wall in front of him and leaning into it for support. His legs feel like jelly as he continues, chasing the pleasure of it that paints him red with heat and desire.

And it's been so long, his mind is gone with each muffled noise caught between his teeth and lip. The high comes fast, and he's jerking harder, imagining the things he can finally indulge in now that he knows he wants to.

When he comes, he comes hard. He tenses through the release, then relaxes in shaky moans and whispered pleas for more. It's the first time in two years that he doesn't stop until the pleasure is too much, and he's so sensitive it might hurt.

George feels light when he finishes washing himself. He feels like he's floating when he dries himself and changes into too-big-clothes that are probably stolen from Dream.

For the first time in a long time, the afterglow follows him. He doesn't feel shame, or fear.

With a head full of warmth, he falls asleep with Dream that night with ease. It's a beautiful thing, he thinks the next morning, that he was able to stay asleep as well.

It doesn't scare him until he *wants*.

And it's not in the way he has before, where he will stroke himself to completion in the shower or sometimes work himself open on his fingers. It's in moments like these, where he's laying in their bed, nose full of Dream's scent, and the sound of his voice dripping through the speaker of his phone that George realizes *he wants him*.

The stream has been open on his phone for awhile now, he'd declined to join it, claiming he was too tired. Dream had kissed him sweetly before disappearing into his office.

Now, here George is, listening to his voice and his boisterous laugh, watching him play minecraft for thousands of people and... *god* he wants him.

And it isn't exactly beyond George that he's been having these thoughts recently. Ever since he started touching himself again, it's hard *not* to notice everything attractive about Dream. Which, to put it frankly, is a lot.

George does a lot of staring and *thinking*. He watches Dream's hands work over his keyboard and imagines them in other places. He side-glances him when he comes out of the shower, t-shirt collar scooped too low and showing off places George wants to taste. He thinks it's the worst when Dream smiles and loves so much that it makes George want to kiss him senseless.

Yet, it frightens him to want so openly like this. Because despite knowing and despite wishing, there's still nightmares and moments where it's too much. Would having Dream be too much?

He hopes for so much, has hoped too much before and suffered the fall.

Those thoughts slip away here, for the moment, in their bed, face in Dream's pillow. He's able to forget because it is safe and he is hard and wanting.

It is easy to rock his hips against the mattress and imagine something else. It is easy to muffle his moans in fabric and fluff. It would be easy to finish here and pretend nothing happened when Dream ends his stream to come to bed.

But he doesn't want easy anymore. He wants him. *Wants and wants and wants.*

His head is so full of it he is able to smother his fear for this shred of acceptance. His only worry being the fact that he would be interrupting Dream's stream in a rather intrusive manner.

George thinks it is worth it.

Dream would want him to take the leap, if he was ready.

He hopes he is as he leaves their bed, tiptoes down the hall, and approaches the office door.

Laughter spills from the gap at his feet. Light seals the seams of it and calls George in with reassurance. His fingers are tingling, his chest full of lust and hesitation and... *everything*. It's everything, here, at the threshold of this decision.

It's knowing, though, that Dream will walk hand in hand through this unknown that finally gives him the courage to knock.

"Come in!" He hears a moment later.

George tries to calm his breath. The door creaks when he opens it slowly and steps inside.

Dream's eyes are on his monitor, George leaves the door open to keep his mind at ease as he steps further into the room. It's when he's halfway to his desk that Dream finally looks up.

George knows he knows instantly.

He made it easy, he thinks. With how his cheeks are tinted red, his pupils blown wide, and the bulge obvious in his shorts.

In any other situation, he imagines he'd be mortified being seen this way. But he lets Dream see him, all of him, because here he knows he is safe.

And Dream is looking at him like he's never seen him before. A flush rising to his cheeks almost immediately, and his eyes soften with the question: *is this what you want?*

Please? He wishes to say with his own.

"I..." the words still fail him, and he thinks himself foolish for it.

"It's okay." Dream whispers. George eyes the chat that flies by on his second monitor, they've already noticed he is muted.

Their eyes clash again with barely contained desire between browns and greens.

"I want you." It's blatant, it's the most honest George has been in awhile.

Dream inhales sharply at that, his blush deepening. George thinks his heart may drum out of his chest and bleed out on the floor.

“Okay.” Dream says, nods. “Just give me a second I- uh.. I, the stream.” He stammers.

Despite it all, George can’t help but laugh at his flustered behavior. Dream smiles toothy and wide at the sound of it, turning back to his screens and quickly shutting down the stream. (He only hopes their viewers aren’t too speculative about his fast exit.)

George waits until Dream turns in his chair to face him again, expression open and raw for him. And George knows Dream is waiting for him, letting him take this where he wants to go. He will follow into the flame and hold him through the storm so much as George allows him to.

They don’t speak. George slowly approaches until their knees are knocking against each other and Dream has to crane his neck to look up at him. It’s strange to see Dream like this, below him and completely still.

Oh, but his eyes rake over George with something akin to the sun. Bright, warm, filling George with love and trust.

George trusts him, and he keeps wanting. So, he takes his hands in his and threads them together. He thinks they’re both a bit uncertain as he guides Dream’s hands to his sides, resting them there against the fabric of his t-shirt, and he moves to straddle his leg.

Dream exhales at that, his lips remaining parted as George settles his weight atop his thigh. Here, in this open room, in a place where he is in control, where arms and a bed aren’t caging him in his darkest place, George lets him feel.

“Color?” Dream’s voice is shaky as his fingertips tangle into the fabric of his shirt.

George’s hands move to rest on his shoulders, feeling the broad weight of them in his palms.

Dream is so real. So incredibly real and alive and he wants him too.

Which is why George moves, he moves his hips in slow motions against Dream’s thigh. Dream’s eyes drop to watch openly as he works himself back up, having grown soft between here and the bedroom.

Now, George lets himself breathe heavy, lets Dream feel how sure he is as he grinds himself down against his jeans.

“Green.” George finally answers breathlessly, “You can - *ah* - you can push up my shirt.”

Dream does, his fingertips find soft skin and George is alight with the feeling of his touch. It’s different, being in the office, in his chair. It’s different and it’s good.

It’s good because it’s what he wants.

It’s so good he can’t help but whine when Dream’s hands skirt across his ribs, trail towards his back, and gently drag fingernails against his spine. All the while, George is rocking against him and he’s straining against his shorts.

Dream’s eyes are all over him, as if he’s unsure where to look and wants to drink him all in at once. Dream moans quietly with George when he grinds harder and George thinks he would give anything to hear those noises a million times more.

Nothing will compare to this moment, he thinks, when Dream’s hand drops to the small of his back, and the other skirts his thigh. He helps encourage George like this, pressing his hands into

his skin and tipping his thigh upwards to meet his hips.

It's that moment, where Dream groans lowly at the sight of him hot and needy in his hands. It's *then* that drags the words from him.

"You're so good, George." He praises.

George keens.

His hands have been gripping Dream's shoulders for dear life, but now they reach to cradle his face, his thumb finds his bottom lip as if he can capture the words in the palm of his hand.

Dream takes the tip of his thumb between his lips and sucks.

"Dream." George whimpers, his hips grinding with a new desperation as the heated pit in his stomach does a flip.

He pulls his lips away, the hand on George's back rising up his shoulder blades, to the nape of his neck, up into his hair. He brings George close, their foreheads pressed together, hot breath mingling in the space between them.

It's when George drops a hand between his legs and moans brokenly at the friction of it that Dream whispers against his open mouth: "Keep going, baby, I've got you."

"Dream, *please*." He doesn't know what he's begging for.

"You're doing so good." Dream breathes into his skin as his lips drag trails of fire down his throat. "Is this okay?"

His thumb is circling into the skin of his thigh, plush and reassuring against him. George shudders, the pleasure trailing up his spine and making his head dizzy.

"Yes, yeah." He manages it out. "Feels so good..."

Another time, he may feel silly getting so worked up riding Dream's thigh and feeling his hands on him. In this time though, with his head full of Dream and pleasure, he thinks it's the only thing that matters. He is desperate, and loved, and *fuck* does he just want to feel alive.

He wants to feel *more*. The hand rubbing at his erection through his shorts isn't enough anymore.

"Dream." George's voice is shaky. "Please, I - *fuck, oh my god* - I want your hands on me."

"My hands are on you." Dream murmurs back, trailing his lips back up beneath his chin.

"No, *no*." He is babbling, the words can't come out fast enough. "Touch... touch me, please."

It seems to click with Dream through their haze, he pulls back to meet his eyes and they're both so fucked. Hair disheveled, faces flushed, and eyelids heavy with lust. They have to stop their movements.

"Are you sure?" Dream asks gently, when their heads are clearer and breaths aren't as heavy.

George looks at Dream, every part of him open and honest. He leans in, captures his lips in a kiss that threads passion between their bodies and sweetness through their heads. Dream exhales against him and squeezes his hands tight on his thighs, rubs up and down to keep him grounded.

And maybe he's stalling, because maybe he's still nervous. George's fingers are trembling, and he's sure Dream can hear his heart beat in his head as he takes the selfish kiss to pour over the question.

Are you sure?

More sure than anything, George answers back, unashamed and full of love.

He pulls away from the kiss, "Yeah. I'm sure." George whispers.

"Okay." Dream responds breathlessly.

He watches, patient, as George adjusts to pull down the front of his shorts and underwear.

The tip of his cock is red, leaking pre-cum, and George shivers just from the brush of his knuckles against the sensitive skin as he sits back slightly in Dream's lap. Feeling exposed and vulnerable under his heated gaze.

Dream lets it linger, lets his gaze consume George unabashedly.

"Do you have um..." George is flushed red from the tips of ears down to his thighs. And despite the lack of touch, he's still straining, his hips bucking slightly into the open air as if in request.

That seems to break Dream out of it.

"Yeah, I do." He leans forward to steal a kiss from George, who whimpers against his mouth at the unexpected gesture, before pulling away to reach behind him.

George watches as Dream pulls the bottle of lube from one of his drawers and George can't help but raise a curious eyebrow at him as he turns back.

"You just... have it in here?" He chuckles.

Dream goes beet red. "Well... I mean... I-" The words fail him, and George's cheeky smile only grows wider. "Shut up."

They laugh together, Dream tugs him closer into his lap and silences them with peppered kisses. George's hands fold into his shirt collar, and he tugs insistently when impatience gnaws at his chest.

"Dream." He presses the plea into the seam of his lips. "Please, I need it."

When his hips rock forward on emphasis, Dream gives in.

"Okay..." he murmurs, his hand circling George's lower back again as he uncaps the bottle. "Tell me if it's too much, can you keep your eyes on me?"

George nods, breathless, as his eyes track away from Dream's now-slick-hand to his face. He's watching him, careful and beautiful with his angled features and freckled skin. George's heart is full of honey, light, and the new excitement that Dream breathes to life within his core when he tells him:

"I want to make you feel good."

"I trust you." George tells him.

He practically crumbles when Dream touches him. His fingers are wet with lube, his cock is throbbing, and George's eyes nearly roll back as he rocks heavy into the open palm.

It's been so long, it's so safe here, and George whimpers as Dream's hand moves slowly. His eyes stay on George, tracing the pinch of his brows, the flush of his cheeks, and the pleasure drawn across the tremors of his body as he drags his palm up and down the underside of his length.

It's slow, languid, and George is losing himself in it with each grind into Dream's hand.

"Hey." Dream whispers, they're both panting slightly. "Tell me."

Between the lust and longing, George is able to understand what he means. The grip he has on Dream's collar has only tightened, so he tries to loosen it and smooth his palms over his shoulders.

It's only Dream, it will only ever be Dream.

"It's so good..." George's voice pitches slightly at the end as Dream's fingers brush up and over his head. He's straining now, warm from Dream's hand, and he wants more. "You can... touch me more, *please*, more Dream."

"You're so beautiful." The words tumble out so suddenly from Dream, and it's George's turn to blush deep. Deeper than he has been.

He thinks he's about to say something in return, or kiss him silly, until Dream properly grips him and strokes wet and hot.

George is weightless within seconds.

"Dream, *yes*, just like that." He moans, unable to keep his eyes open as his head falls into the crook of Dream's shoulder.

Dream, who wraps a protective arm around him, his other hand stroking him with a steady pace that makes a mess of George in his lap.

That arm around his back drags gently up and down his spine, in tandem with the roll of George's hips into his fist. George pants and presses sweet noises against Dream's neck as the heat tumbles through him, threatening to tip him over the edge already.

Dream's thumb drags up beneath the head of his cock, right on the sensitive part of him, and George's moan shakes both of them.

"Oh, *fuck*." Dream groans *himself* at the reaction, "You like it there?"

George can't catch his breath so he only nods and forces out a string of "yes" and "please" and "don't stop".

So, Dream doesn't. He holds George close and presses broken kisses to his temple as he drags his hand up and down at a faster rate. Occasionally, on the up stroke, he finds that sweet spot again and makes George tremble. He's trembling everywhere, holding on tight and tense with the waves of pleasure that wrack his body.

He's so close. He thinks Dream knows when he pulls back from his neck to try to meet his eyes again.

They're blown wide, the green of them only pale slivers as he drinks in the love and lust on

George's face.

"You gonna cum, baby?" Dream asks, leaning in to press a breathy kiss to his cheek.

George bobs his head in a nod. "Yeah, please, I want to. *Please let me.*" He whines, begs for no reason, because Dream would never deny him. Not now.

His gaze drops for only a moment to watch Dream jerk his cock in long fast strokes. It's lewd, it's making a mess, and George can't get enough.

Just that thought alone, the freedom of it, nearly sends him over.

Instead he muffles another loud noise by capturing his bottom lip between his teeth. He finds Dream's gaze again and holds it with reverence.

"Come on, I have you." Dream tells him, reassuring and soft as he brings him in close and presses a kiss to his chapped lips. "I've got you."

George cries out against him as his hips push up one final time into his fist and he's coming *hard*. Streaks of white paint the front of Dream's shirt and his fist as he continues to drag George through the pleasure of it. It tracks up his spine, into his head in a fog of bliss. His body shakes and shivers with the come down of his high, and Dream is there with him to hold him through it.

Dream whispers praises into the tufts of dark hair near his temple as he finally relaxes against him.

It's messy, their clothes and skin stuck with lube and cum. But, frankly, neither of them can care much with the weight of what just happened hanging between them.

It's not heavy with grief, or melancholy, or fear. Instead, the moment hangs between the gap of their lips and the press of their bodies with meaning and truth. It's real, it's alive, it's here and now, making their future.

George cradles Dream's face, caressing his thumbs across cheekbones and watching his eyes melt.

"Thank you." Dream says there, then, staring at George with too many things to put into words.

"For what?" George's voice is still unbearably shaky.

"For sharing this part of yourself with me." Dream's hands rise to lace them with his. "For trusting me." He brings them around to his lips where he presses a kiss to his knuckles. "For loving me."

George, letting him see the wounds, the love, the pain turned new tide, finds a steady ground in the planes of his fingertips and the softness of his lips as he captures them again with his.

It's all of it at once, it's everything that is messy and perfect and full of new love.

"Let's get changed and go to bed, yeah?" Dream suggests against his mouth when they just barely part.

George pulls away, looking down at the tent in Dream's lap. "Do you not want help with that?" He chuckles, slightly.

Dream flushes again, his grin young and glowing like the sun. "No, it's about you, ok?"

"Sometime soon then?"

Dream's jaw tightens slightly, and George preens knowing he's at least thinking about it.

"Some... sometime soon." Dream agrees. "Only if you want."

George kisses him again and lets himself be carried to the other room. It's this haze of softness, embraces, lingering touches that are unafraid and safe in the space of the evening as it passes them by. He lets Dream clean him up, dress him in his pajamas. Together they climb into bed and cling to each other beneath the sheets.

They talk into the night, until it's early morning, until they're too tired to stay awake and George sleeps.

It's peaceful.

—

The coming days, weeks, and months are nothing short of exhilarating, delicate, and completely *exhausting*. They have their moments away from the bed where George loves him and Dream carries him through it. It's the freedom of intimacy that sets George alight with a blaze of reaching hands and needy kisses.

It's nice, to be like this, to be free of the burden for these snapshots of time where George can taste him, feel him, and Dream can see him in all he is.

Despite it all though, despite the love, the care, the tender souls that dance in the spaces of their bodies, George feels his backwards steps shake the foundations of all he's worth.

Because there's still days, and nights, where he thinks a bit too much.

He will wake up some mornings with a head full of that person, away from Dream, in the trenches of his mind where he lives it all over again. He curses himself, his mind, for replaying this part of him on loop so much, so often.

He worries sometimes the weight of it will break him.

Which is why, after a particularly bad night, George is sitting on the couch and staring at the wall across from him. He tries to burn the white of it into his corneas, so it will distract him from the roar in his ears and the sheets in his head.

Dream settles next to him, an orange in hand as he offers George a slice.

Usually, he would not be able to eat in such a state. But his stomach rumbles, and the citrus stings his nose, so he takes the slice and chews it dead anyways. He swallows when it tastes like nothing, and the lump in his throat is thick.

"Do you want to talk about it?" Dream asks, ever patient, ever kind.

George shrugs. "I feel like I'm more mad at myself than anything."

"Why do you say that?"

George looks at him, his bead head, the smears of orange pulp on his fingertips from bright

tangerine.

“It’s just like...” he sighs, exasperated. “I want to forget about it, I don’t want my brain to keep bringing it up every time I’m just trying to sleep. Or eat or just... anything.” George runs a hand through his hair and tugs harshly. “It always comes when I least expect it.”

After all this time together, Dream can read the way he speaks, the way he holds himself. He can do this well enough to know it will not hurt if he reaches, so he does. He settles a hand between George’s shoulder blades and rubs gently.

It soothes George, and he is grateful for it.

“It’s not your brain punishing you, I don’t think.” Dream says softly. “It’s probably more like... like there’s this knot in your head that it’s trying to undo or make sense of.”

“Like tangled headphones?” George snorts dryly.

Dream laughs lightly. “Sure, like tangled headphones.” His hand comes around to George’s waist and he tugs him into his side. “It will take time to work it out, to undo the tangles.”

George hums, rubbing his temple. “I suppose so. Thank you.”

“You don’t have to thank me, it’s what I’m here for.”

“To tell me my head is a jumble of tangles and knots?” George teases.

Dream rolls his eyes. “You’re such a...” he cuts himself off with a fond sigh. “You don’t have to thank me for anything I do. Unless it’s like, I don’t know, making you breakfast or something. Or giving you a Christmas gift.”

“And what if I’m all tangled and out of sense forever?” George asks quietly.

Dream stares into him, “Then we’ll be tangled and out of sense together.”

They sit in that, ruminate in it and let it sink in. The weight is still heavy on George’s mind, but Dream brings him through the day and reminds him to eat and drink. He holds him, and keeps him grounded in the here and now.

And when he makes him dessert that night, George thanks him.

It’s enough, even on these bad days.

—

Dream is under him, George is between his legs and his mouth is on him. It’s dark outside, dark in their room, it’s the first time they’re doing this on a bed.

And George loves him.

“Oh, shit...” Dream moans, trying not to buck his hips up as George takes him deeper down his throat.

George loves him like this, hearing him, pulling these noises from his lips and filling the room with it.

He wants more.

They'd gotten back from a house party with some friends only a half hour ago. It was a fun little thing, a small group of them enjoying each other's presence over food and drinks.

Between filters of music, laughter, and board games; Dream and George held hands and giggled through their dirty little secrets in fleeting whispers. It felt good, to let it happen without any condition or fear.

They were both sober, have been, yet they were drunk on each other and the things they want when other people aren't looking.

So, when the wandering hands and messy mouths got a bit too much, Dream dragged him home. They barely made it through the door before they were kicking off shoes and tugging on clothes.

Today is a good day, and George wants to take advantage of it.

He pulls his lips back, Dream pushes upwards into the open air and George stills him with his hand. The look George gives him is weighted, and Dream blinks a question at him.

"Everything ok?" He voices aloud to be sure.

George leans up to him, brings his lips to his ear and Dream's breath hitches when George's hand moves again and he tells him what he wants. They're both blushing, hot, and Dream's thumb presses circles into George's thigh as he listens.

"Are you sure?" Dream's voice is rough when he pulls away slightly.

"Please." George says, meeting his gaze.

Dream nods and George sits back to allow him room to sit up against the headboard. The bottom half of his body is bare, his hair becoming disheveled as he tugs off his shirt as well, and George forgets what he's doing during this moment where he sits there, enamored by the sight of him and unafraid of the miles of freckled skin.

He's all sharp angles and long limbs. There's so much of him everywhere and he is so good. He is lean with hints of muscle curling around his arms and shoulders. George can spot his rib cage when his arms flex out at his sides, but his stomach softens lower around his hips from days of laying in bed and feeding each other sweets. He wants to feel him there, put his mouth on the places that are soft and alive and full of love because Dream is so beautiful beneath him.

"You're staring." Dream points out.

George bites his lip, nodding unashamed.

"I'm feeling very exposed here, George." He teases some more.

"You're so impatient." George reprimands with a huff, because he knows Dream would wait through the end of the world for him. Dream knows this as well, because he chuckles all right and soft.

But George doesn't make him wait, he moves his hands to his belt, undoes it himself. Dream

watches, waits, as George strips himself from the waist down, his oversized hoodie falls down across his hips.

Despite it all, George hesitates. His hands, frozen with fistfuls of black fabric, and trembling in their grip. Is it too much? Is this too much? He isn't sure, doesn't know how to ask himself, and he still hasn't pulled off his hoodie and it's-

Dream leans forward, his fingertips barely brushing George's thigh.

He shivers as Dream's thumb rubs more reassuring circles into the skin there.

"It's ok George, you can keep it on." He tells him. "It's whatever you want."

There's something stable, and exactly what he needs, in hearing those words.

So, George's hands drop from his hoodie. He lets it hang there, lets it swallow him whole as he takes Dream's hand so they can slot back together atop the sheets.

George, hovering over Dream.

Dream, looking up at him open and real.

With a gentle squeeze of their hands, George guides them around his hips, down over the slope of his body, and rests Dream's hand where he wants. Their eyes flutter, they exhale the same breath.

"Where's the..?" Dream rasps.

George pulls his hand away, grabs the discarded bottle atop the sheets, and passes it to him.

His heart is in his throat as he watches Dream wet three of his fingers, George reaches for his other hand and grabs on tight. It's slow, how he moves his fingers gently back behind George. He doesn't touch, however, until their eyes meet again.

"Color?"

"Green." George doesn't hesitate.

Dream still waits there though, watches to be sure. But George's eyes are clear and full of love as he stares into Dream. It's not really the two of them apart, at this moment, it's them together. Being here, feeling through this thing.

The first finger that brushes against him makes George tense.

And Dream is immediate with his reaction, tugging George close so he can lean against him, so he can rub gentle circles into his knuckles and squeeze his hand in reassurance.

"It's ok baby, relax." Dream whispers into his ear.

George tries to, it takes a few moments, but he does. That first finger presses in, fills him up, his breath is shaky in Dream's ear as lightning races up his spine. It's not exactly pleasurable, but it's not uncomfortable. Dream's fingers are thicker, longer than George's, the intrusion foreign yet familiar because he knows it's only Dream and he's still here, with him, in this room and atop this bed.

It's enough, which is why George rocks his hips back into it.

Dream lets him, he doesn't move his hand, he only holds George with his other and whispers praises to him as he takes control.

The strange feeling ebbs away, George is clenching and growing needier now as the feeling turns towards heat and want. Dream is trying to keep his breath steady, but George knows he is just as hard and wanting. It sparks something in him, knowing that together they can experience this as one.

"Another... Dream, I can take another." George finally manages out, the smallest of whimpers escaping him now with each downward motion of his hips.

He listens, they still, and Dream rubs his middle finger along his rim before pressing in slowly. It's a stretch, it's expected, George shivers and whines slightly at the feeling.

And there's this moment, where it's almost too much. A hot flash rips through him and he thinks he's in pain. And he knows he's not, not really, but for that moment, it's not here and it's not real. He's shivering and he needs to come back down to earth before he loses himself.

"Talk to me." George says, breathless.

"A-about what?" Dream stutters.

"Anything." His voice is shaky and his hips have stilled atop Dream's fingers. "Please."

"Did... *ah*, um, there's this documentary I watched recently." He's distracted, partially, as George starts to slowly rock back again. "It's about a musician."

"A... a musician?" George mutters, the pleasure slowly returning to him as he works himself open.

Dream has to take a moment to breathe, the sight of George riding his fingers a bit overwhelming in all of this.

"Yeah he like - *just like that, keep going* - he like, recorded this album in Chicago and it didn't pick up so he retired." Dream tries to say quickly between his soft moans and praises.

"Sounds like a crap documentary." George says as he grinds harder, the words and them together making him confident.

"You're so... oh my god, you didn't let me finish."

"So finish."

"Can I add another?"

"Please." George whines because this new stability is lighting a fire of want in the pit of his stomach.

They slow as Dream gives him time to adjust on three fingers. They take more time, breathing together, counting the seconds until George knows he is alright to move. And this time, he asks Dream to move with him as he slides back on long fingers.

"K-keep going." George whispers, not bothering to clarify whether he means the story or how Dream is pressing up with each downward motion of George's body.

It doesn't matter, because he does both.

“Anyways, somehow his album gets down to South Africa and...” he pauses as George sits back slightly. His cock, red and needy, is rested against the fabric of his hoodie. “And... shit, um.”

“A-and?” George is stretched now, but he’s only chasing pleasure because at this new angle, Dream is so close to where he wants him.

“And it blows up, he doesn’t know, so it’s about his... like, him finding out, I guess.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah.”

“Okay.” George says, moans. “Now shut up and kiss me please.”

Dream can’t help but chuckle and surge forward to capture his lips in a heated kiss. It’s messy and good and right. It drips citrus and sweetness into George’s lungs and into his veins. He only parts when Dream finally re-angles his fingers and George melts.

“Fuck.” He moans loud and long against Dream’s mouth.

“Right there?” Dream’s lips are slick against his, fingers massaging his prostate.

“Right there, yeah, don’t stop.” His hips rock back hard and George thinks if he doesn’t stop he may cum just like this.

His mind is hazy with it, chasing the feeling of it. But Dream is left untouched, and George knows he is ok with that but he wants them together. He wants this for them, here and now.

It’s that thought, and the shaking of his thighs, that tells Dream to stop when his body is protesting otherwise.

“Everything ok?” Dream asks breathlessly.

George nods, rubs his hand up Dream’s length to watch his eyes roll back into his head. He holds him there, like that, works his cock to desperation and makes him moan.

“I want you.” George says, honest and sanguine like that first night he had him in the office.

This time, he means it differently.

“Yeah, fuck, ok.” His hips push up into George’s hand, chasing as he’s pulled away from the pleasure. “Hold on.”

George slides off his lap, allows Dream to lean over to his bedside drawer and pull out a condom. He watches in rapture as Dream tears the foil with his teeth and slides it on. For good measure, he squirts more lube onto his hand and strokes himself once, twice. He’s flushed, and hard, and *god* does George want it in him.

It’s that thought that brings him back down to earth. Hand in hand, he moves back into Dream’s lap and hovers. They meet each other’s eye again and that’s when Dream tells him: “It’s ok to stop whenever. Keep talking to me, okay?”

He squeezes his hand, slowly lowering so the tip is pressed up against him. They’re both throbbing and antsy with anticipation but George waits.

“I trust you.” He says.

"I know." Dream responds.

"I love you." George tries again as he slowly sinks down onto Dream.

Dream, whose grip is tight on George's hands. "Keep telling me." He breathes out.

"God, you're so big." George whimpers as he takes him in, inch by inch. He works slow, so very slow, the weight of him stretching George more than three fingers.

"I've got you, take your time." Dream says, strained, because he is just as desperate and wanting. It fills George up, knowing that despite it all he will wait and give only as much as he wants.

It's why he keeps going, it's why he finally reaches Dream hips, it's why he grinds to feel his length seated deep.

And *oh*, does Dream groan at that.

"I love you, you're so good." The words fall from George and force a soft whine from the man beneath him.

They sit there like that. For a minute, maybe less, maybe more. George takes his time adjusting and simply *feeling*. Because he's still here, in this moment, in this day, and he loves how full he feels. He loves having a head and heart and body full of Dream. It's why he stays there longer, why he only grinds instead of thrusts.

It's why Dream is writhing underneath him.

"G-George, George, *George...*" his name spills from his lips like a plea and he's still squeezing his hands, squeezing his eyes shut. "Is it... how are you? *Ah, fuck.*"

"I'm ok." George breathes, watching with fire in his eyes as Dream squirms and tries not to move while he is grinding into his lap.

Dream's eyes snap open and meet his.

He knows, he sees it in the small smile across George's face.

"Oh my god, you're doing this on purpose." Dream manages out in a breath, his head falling back against the headboard with a thud.

"A little bit." George replies, clenching around Dream and grinding again to prove it.

"George, please, please move, *please.*" He's begging and George is so lost in it.

"Ok." He breathes into the column of his throat, finally giving Dream what he wants with one slow rise and fall of his hips.

They're both breathing heavy, Dream's hands detaching from George's to grip his thighs as he starts his slow pace. His knees bend up against the small of his back and hold George close as they move together, sliding wet and hot with each labored plea and moan.

It's giving, George loving and giving Dream all of him. And Dream, doing just the same as he slowly rocks upward to match the pace.

They love slow like this, in the dark, with mingling breath and the slide of skin on skin.

George is already close, so when Dream adjusts and thrusts up at a new angle, George nearly cries. It's so good like this, right where he wants him in all the ways that make him feel full of everything and *alive*. He's biting his lip to keep in noise and Dream brushes his cheek.

"Let me hear you, you're so good." Dream breathes. "You feel so good, please."

George moans, loves him loud with all his noises and the pleasure that wracks his body. He's bouncing properly now in Dream's lap, eager with each thrust to feel him up against the spot that makes him see stars. George thinks he can hear the sounds of their joining beyond parted lips and lungs of air.

"*Dream, Dream, Dream.*" George is begging.

"Just like that, you can cum baby, I'm right there with you." He tells him, a hand brushing up his spine and holding him close.

The other dips down between their bodies, finds George's cock, and he's so gone.

It only takes two strokes before George cries out and spills over Dream's chest. Dream holds him through each wave of pleasure that pulses through him. It leaves him weak and swimming in a euphoria he only imagined until now.

And Dream is there with him.

"George, talk to me." He whines, broken and unashamed.

George cups his cheeks, kisses the corner of his lips as he continues to rock against him. "I love you, I never want anyone but you. You're so good, Dream." He whispers into his jaw.

Dream nearly cries, thrusts up one last time, and comes. The grip he has on George is tight and he's moaning in broken strings of pleas and love. Everything in him is hot and alive and it's here, together, that they find themselves in the glow of this new after.

"I love you." George tells him like it's the only thing that matters.

Dream kisses him deep, "I love you so much, George." He tells him back.

They take their time cleaning up, Dream keeps asking him if it was ok. George tells him it is, tells him he wants to keep wanting him.

He thinks he will, despite it all.

It's together, here, at 11:07 pm, that George feels as though perhaps things can be different.

The part of him that loves and bleeds and gets up again tells him: it's ok.

It's Dream pressed to his back and cradling him in his arms that says: I will always be here.

In the tenderness of a coming morning, with hearts of raw gold and rubied scars, George knows things might not always be ok. It will be more hard days, more restless nights, and a few more rough birthdays.

But there's always this, and them, and him. It's here, in this room, in this bed where he feels safe and alive.

George is enough. It's enough to be loved in such a way.

So he falls asleep and doesn't wake up till morning.

End Notes

i mostly wrote this because this is something i would like to read. i hope this might bring some hope to the people reading this who have gone through similar things (it helped me to get it out, i think) and yeah

kudos/comments always appreciated <3

[twitter](#)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!